

# POEM

## UPON THE

# DEATH

## OF THE

# QUEEN.

23. April. 1695.

WHEN our admired Queen *Mary* dies,  
What Pen can write Her Obsequies?  
Snatch me a Quill from Angels Wing,  
I'll tune my Voice to a doleful String:

*Malpomeny* shall guide my Hand,  
And all the *Muses* round me stand.  
You nere were needed so before,  
Your Aid, your Aid I now implore;  
Stand near me all the Graces too,  
I would a Eigure make of you.  
Queen *Mary's* Mind to represent,  
I'll joyn you all with pure Cement.  
Yet this pure Dye or *Tyrian* Paint  
Will make a Colour far too faint,  
To Paint Her Body or Her Mind,  
I must have what is most refin'd.  
Old Celebrated Poets Graces  
Had no such Mind, had no such Faces.  
Such Majesty sat on Her Brow,  
She made the stubborn Sex to bow.  
All but Her Conqu'ring *William* She  
Did make to bow and bend the Knee.  
Such comely sweetness in Her Smile,  
But stay my *Muse*, and rest a while,  
To Sigh and Mourn, to Weep and be  
Like silent weeping *Niobe*.

This Angel now is from us fled,  
The Consequences most Men dread.  
Propitious Heaven on us Smile,  
And Frown no more on this sad Isle.  
I must return, the Subject's great,  
My *Muse* would fain sound a Retreat.  
Oh, how can I define a Soul?  
It swiftly flies from Pole to Pole:  
Takes all the various Figure in  
That are throughout this World of sin,  
And in the curious Brain they dwell;  
Have each a Room, have each a Cell.  
But Her Great *Soul* mounted much higher,  
Beyond the Earth, beyond the Fire.  
There She did fix, there she did find  
Objects that suited best her Mind.  
With Angels and Arch-Angels She  
Did joyn in Love and Harmony.  
She oft before to Heaven was fled,  
But now we sadly mourn She's dead:  
She will no more to us return,  
See how the *Stars* like Torches burn,  
And strive to light her all the way;  
But that the *Sun* more bright than they,  
Conveighs her out of Mortals sight,  
Mingling Her Beams with his own Light.

FINIS.